



EXCITING NEWS! **GIGANTIC CONTEST!**
5000 PRIZES

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

AUG.
NO. 36

ALL AMERICAN MEN of WAR

Featuring
**"BATTLE
WINDOW!"**
AND FIGHTING
ACTIONS ON
EVERY FRONT!



BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN! GIVEN! GIVEN!

YES WE GIVE YOU
**PREMIUMS or
CASH**



OUR
62ND YEAR

BE
THE
FIRST!



BICYCLES
JEWEL BOXES
BIBLES LUNCH BOXES
SKATES STEAK SETS

ACT
NOW!



CAMERAS
WATCHES
RADIOS
BLANKETS



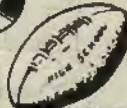
WAGONS

WE TRUST
YOU!

CLOCKS
PEN AND
PENCIL SETS



UKULELES



FOOTBALLS

DON'T
DELAY!



TYPEWRITERS



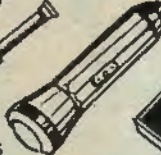
CLOCKS
ALUMINUM WARE



SWIM
MASKS
SWIM FINS
WALLETS



TELESCOPES



FLASHLIGHTS



PEARLS



YESSIREE, A REAL
LIVE PONY FOR
YOUR VERY OWN!

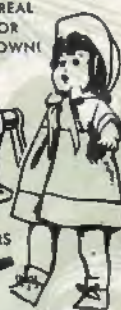


MAIL
CARD

ELECTRIC
DEEP FRYERS
WRIST WATCHES
DOLLS



PENCIL
SHARPENERS



DOLLS
WAGONS

BOW &
ARROW
SETS



PEN AND
PENCIL SETS



22-CALIBRE RIFLES

1000-SHOT DAIST AIR RIFLES

SOLD BY AGENTS
AND DRUG STORES
EVERYWHERE



Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
as not as advertised therein

**THIS IS AN AMAZING OFFER
NOTHING TO BUY—ALL GIVEN
MAIL COUPON BELOW**

Candid Cameras with Carrying Case, Tele-
scopes, Watches (sent ppd.) SIMPLY GIVE pic-
tures with White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE
easily sold to friends, neighbors, relatives at
35¢ a box (with picture). Alarm Clocks, Alu-
minum Ware, Billfolds, Record Players, Dresser
Sets, etc.

GET BIG FREE CATALOG

MAIL COUPON NOW

Wilson Chemical Co., Dept 30-115, Tyrene, Pa. Date.....

Gentlemen:- Please send me on trial 14 colorful art pic-
tures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to
sell at 35¢ a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked
within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commis-
sion as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent
with order, postage paid to start.

NAME AGE

ST. R. D. BOX

TOWN ZONE NO. STATE

PRINT LAST NAME HERE

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

WILSON CHEMICAL COMPANY

Dept. 30-115 Tyrene, Pa.

WE CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT WINDOWS! BUT DID YOU EVER WONDER HOW A WINDOW CLEANER--A MAN WHO HAS FACED THOUSANDS OF WINDOWS--WOULD FEEL ABOUT THEM? HERE'S THE STORY OF ONE OF THEM! AND HOW HE WAS HAUNTED BY A...

BATTLE WINDOW!



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ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR



WINDOWS--
WINDOWS--!



MILLIONS
OF
WINDOWS!



STARTING TOMORROW--I'LL
NEVER LOOK AT ANOTHER
WINDOW IF I CAN POSSIBLY
HELP IT!

ON THE NEXT DAY, AS THE EX-
WINDOW CLEANER IS ON HIS
WAY TO CAMP FOR BASIC
TRAINING ...

HEY, TERRY!
DON'T YOU WANT
TO LOOK AT THE
SCENERY?

NOT IF THERE'S
A WINDOW
IN FRONT
OF IT,
BUSTER!



A FEW MONTHS LATER, ON THE
TRANSPORT SAILING OVERSEAS...

HEY, TERRY!
LOOK AT
THE OCEAN!
C'MON--THIS
ISN'T A
WINDOW!

A PORTHOLE'S
JUST A ROUND
WINDOW AS FAR
AS I'M CONCERNED,
BUSTER!

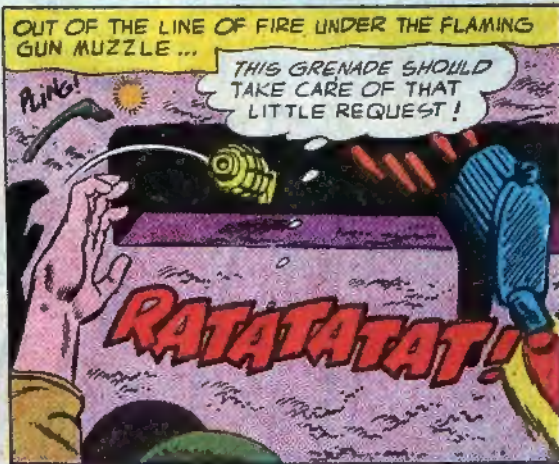


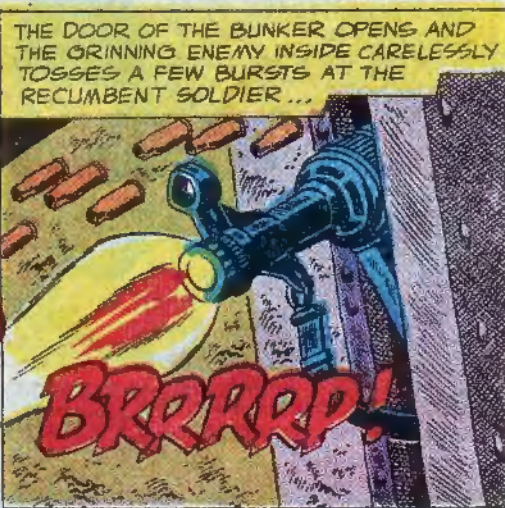
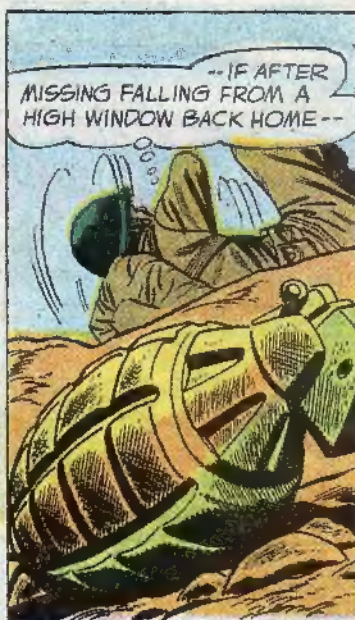
AND THEN, THE INVASION ... AND ON **GREEN BEACH ONE** ...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, TERRY?
DIDN'T YOU EXPECT TO RUN
INTO TROUBLE ONCE IN A
WHILE IN THIS BUSINESS?

YES--BUT I DIDN'T
FIGURE IT WOULD
BE COMING FROM
A **WINDOW!**







AS TERRY
AND HIS
OUTFIT
CONTINUE
THEIR
ADVANCE...



SUDDENLY,
THE WOODS
THUNDER
TO THE
REVERBERATIONS
OF THE CONCEALED
TANK CANNON ...



SWINGING FIRST IN ONE DIRECTION ...



THEN IN ANOTHER ...



THE ENEMY TANK'S GUNS SCRATCH THE GROUND ...



LOOKING FOR THE WILL-O-THE-WISP INFANTRYMAN ...



SUDDENLY, A THOMPSON SUB-MACHINE GUN MUZZLE IS RAMMED AT THE TANK SLIT AND ...



THE WHOLE WAR SEEMS TO STOP WHILE THE FIRING CONTINUES ... THEN THERE IS SILENCE ...



ON CONTINUES THE INFANTRYMAN AND HIS OUTFIT...

I'D HATE TO BE LOOKING AT YOU THROUGH A WINDOW, TERRY BOY!

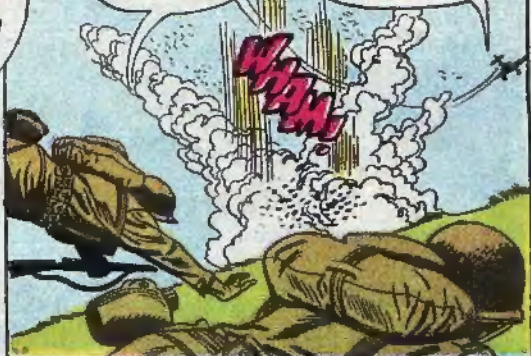
IF YOU KNEW HOW MANY THOUSANDS OF WINDOWS I'VE WASHED BEFORE I GOT INTO THE ARMY, BUSTER-- YOU'D UNDERSTAND HOW I FEEL! AFTER A WHILE YOU FEEL LIKE YOU'D LIKE TO THROW ROCKS THROUGH 'EM!



SUDDENLY...

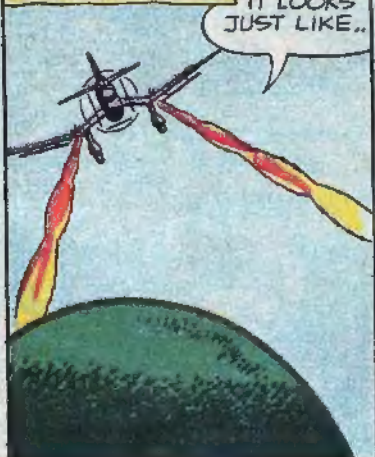
STRAFER-- DIVE!

IT'S JUST A PLANE--NOTHING WITH A WINDOW IN IT!



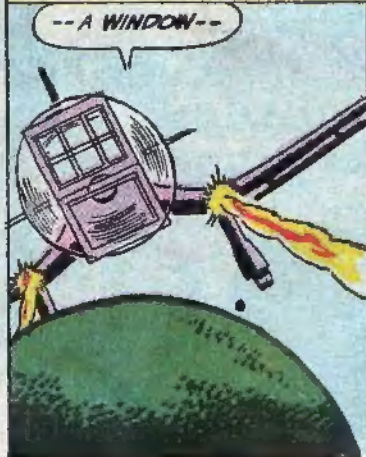
BUT THEN--TO THE GROUND-- HUGGING G.I. ...

IT LOOKS JUST LIKE...



BLEARY FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE EXPLODING BOMBS...

--A WINDOW--



THE SPINNING PROPELLER BEGINS TO RESEMBLE ...

--A FLYING WINDOW!



LURCHING TO ONE KNEE ...



THE HAUNTED EX-- WINDOW CLEANER ...



FIRES ONE LONG CONTINUOUS BURST...



AT THE LOW-FLYING PLANE UNTIL ...





ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR



SLIGHTLY DAZED FROM THE EXPLOSION, TERRY IS LED AWAY...

THAT'S THE LAST! THERE'RE NO WINDOWS LEFT TO THROW LEAD AT US -- UNLESS THEY'RE IN A SUB! AND THERE'S NO SUB AROUND HERE, IS THERE, BUSTER! IS THERE?

OF COURSE NOT, TERRY! C'MON--WE'VE STILL GOT THAT TOWN TO GET!



BUT THEN, UPON ENTERING THE TOWN SHORTLY...

OH NO -- OH NO -- THIS CAN'T HAPPEN TO ME!



IT'LL TAKE THE WHOLE WAR TO CLEAN UP ALL THE CHARACTERS FIRING AT US FROM BEHIND ALL THOSE WINDOWS!

BUDDABUDDA!



GUESS THIS IS A JOB FOR A WINDOW CLEANER -- THAT'S ME!



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"Says he'll walk down.

Wildroot Cream-Oil gives him confidence!"

Wildroot Cream-Oil gives you confidence!

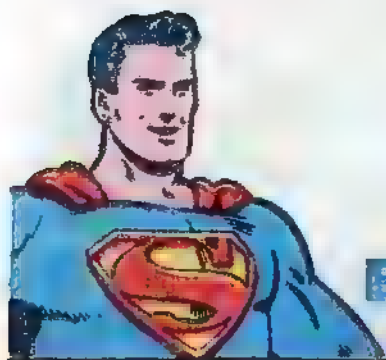
Confidence begins with a smart successful appearance which naturally means well-groomed hair.

Wildroot Cream-Oil gives you confidence because it keeps you looking your best, helps you make the right impression in any situation.

Keeps hair handsome and healthy looking the way Nature intended...neat but not greasy. Get Wildroot Cream-Oil, America's largest selling hair tonic!



Contains heart of Lanolin, Nature's finest hair and scalp conditioner!



**Boys and Girls! Here's the news
You've been waiting for—**

5000 TERRIFIC PRIZES!
a contest that's FUN,
EXCITING, and EASY to enter!



**ALL YOU HAVE TO DO TO WIN ONE
OF THESE BIG PRIZES IS SEND
IN A SLOGAN FOR DC MAGAZINES**

HERE ARE SOME IDEAS TO GET YOU GOING:

(I buy when I see DC)

(DC comics are Decent Comics)

(Your reading Key is the symbol DC)

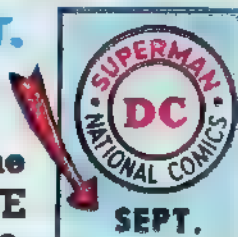
Start thinking now—Your SLOGAN could win you a
Columbia **BIKE, SKATES, GAMES, DOLLS and**
a host of other TERRIFIC PRIZES.



**CONTEST BLANKS—Pictures of Prizes—
and FULL DETAILS will appear in all DC
comics magazines dated SEPT.**



**Be sure to get the
NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE
of any DC comics magazine.**



**THIS IS YOUR BIG CHANCE
TO WIN SOME OF THE**

5000 PRIZES

in our GIGANTIC CONTEST

Don't Forget - Contest starts in September issues!



ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR



FRED FARREL NEVER FOUND ANYTHING IN HIS LIFE! BUT HE THOUGHT THINGS WOULD BE DIFFERENT IN COMBAT! WHAT COULD BE DIFFICULT ABOUT LOCATING THE ENEMY WHO'S RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU? BUT THE G.I. SOON LEARNED THAT IN THE ARMY, HE STILL HAD TO...

FIND THE WAR!

SOME CHANCE I HAVE OF FINDING THAT NAZI OBSERVATION POST--!



WHEN FRED FARREL WAS JUST A BOY...

LOOK, FREDDIE. A DIME!

I NEVER FIND A PENNY!



IN LATER YEARS...

EVERYONE WINS A SCAVENGER HUNT PRIZE BUT FRED-- HE CAME BACK EMPTY HANDED!

THAT FIGURES--I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO FIND ANYTHING-- ANYWHERE-- ANYTIME!



AND AS FRED AND HIS FRIEND WENT TO ENLIST INTO THE ARMY...

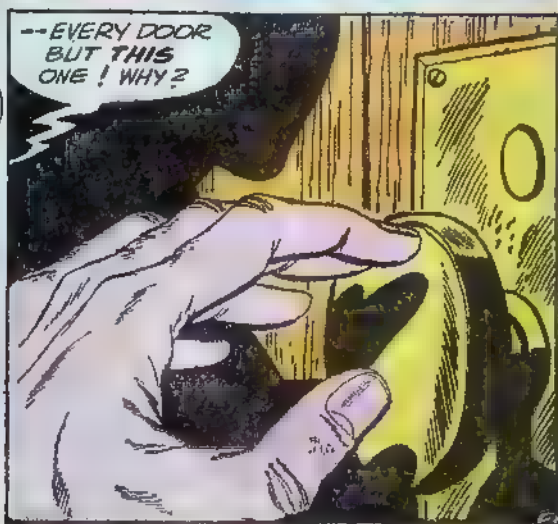
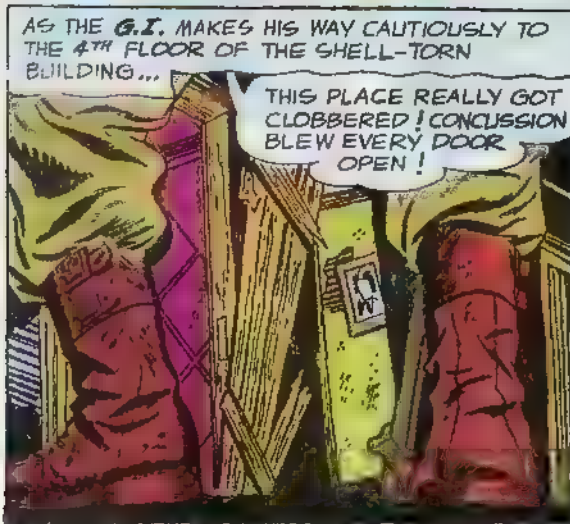
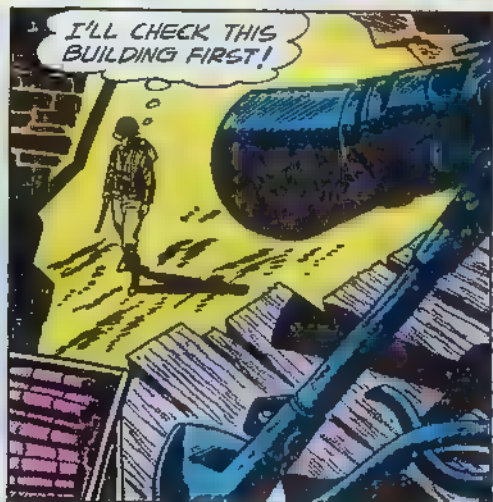
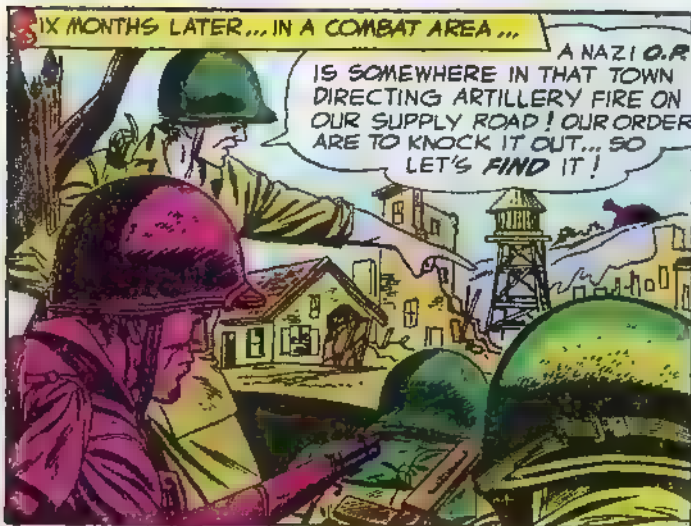
A DIAMOND BRACELET! I'LL GIVE IT TO THE POLICE! IT'LL BE MINE IF NO ONE CLAIMS IT IN SIX MONTHS!

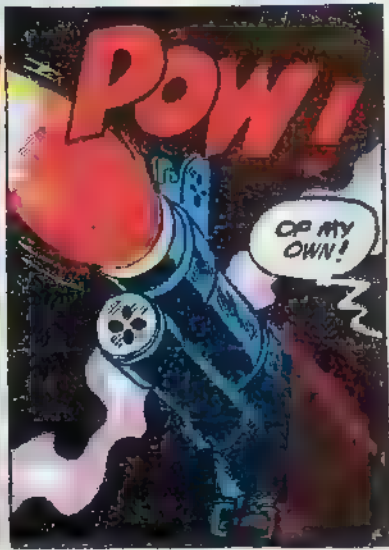
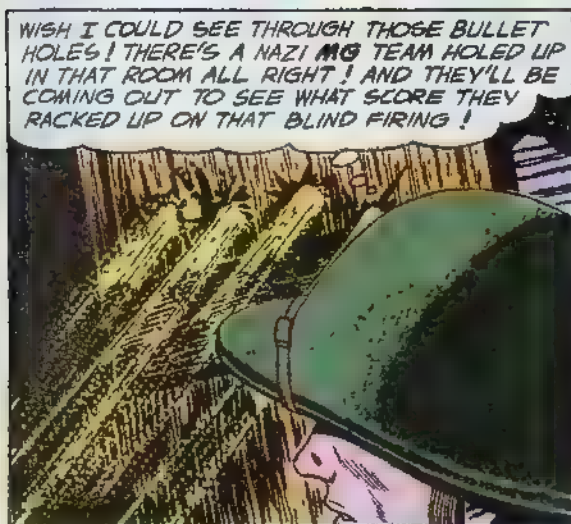
I DIDN'T EVEN SEE IT!





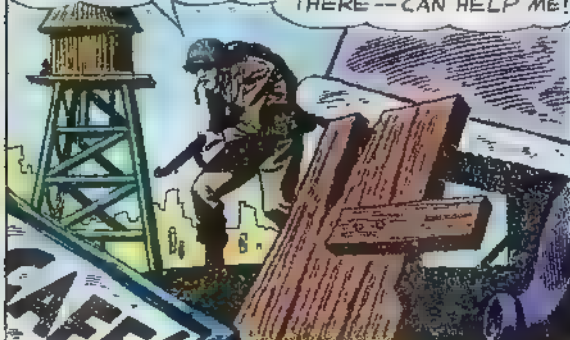
ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR





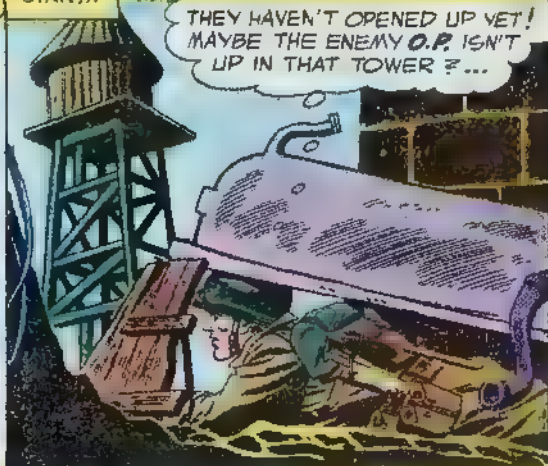
RETURNING FROM THE KNOCKED OUT NAZI MACHINE GUN NEST, THE DETERMINED G.I. CONTINUES THE SEARCH...

IF THE NAZI O.P. IS IN THAT WATER TOWER--THEY COULD PICK ME OFF WHEN I MOVE ACROSS THE OPEN GROUND... MAYBE THAT SINK IN THE RESTAURANT RUBBLE OVER THERE--CAN HELP ME!



SLOWLY... AS THE G.I. INCHES UNDER THE SINK...

THEY HAVEN'T OPENED UP YET! MAYBE THE ENEMY O.P. ISN'T UP IN THAT TOWER?...



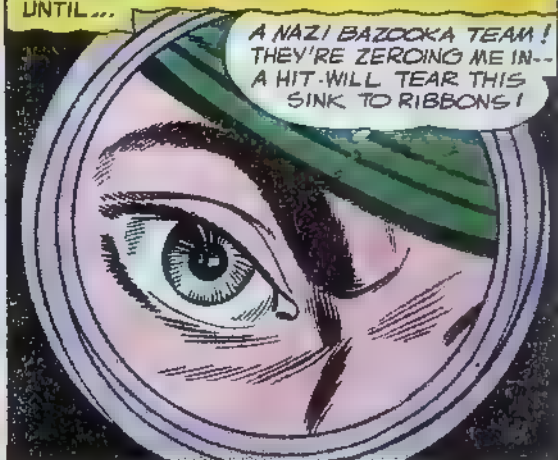
SUDDENLY... THE GROUND SHAKES AS WITH A DEAFENING ROAR...

SOMEONE JUST TOSSED A SHELL AT ME FROM UP THERE! GOOD THING I DIDN'T CATCH IT--!



THE G.I. LOOKS THROUGH THE DRAIN PIPE UNTIL...

A NAZI BAZOOKA TEAM! THEY'RE ZEROING ME IN-- A HIT WILL TEAR THIS SINK TO RIBBONS!

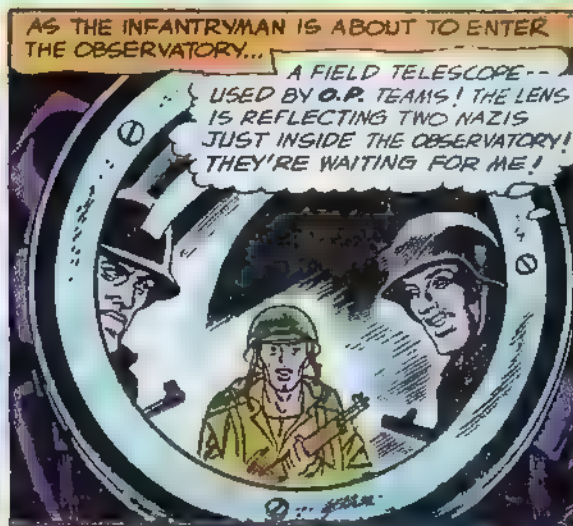
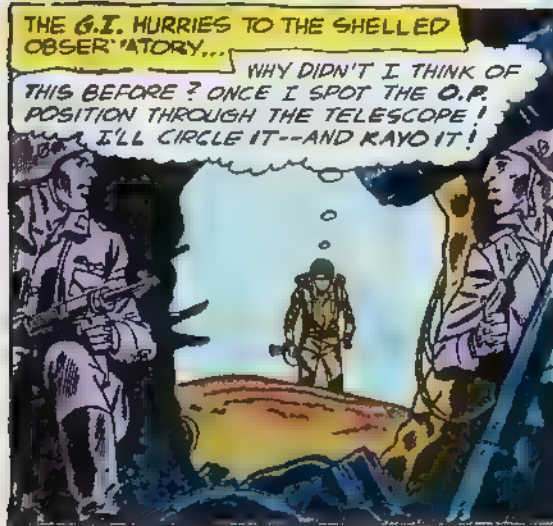
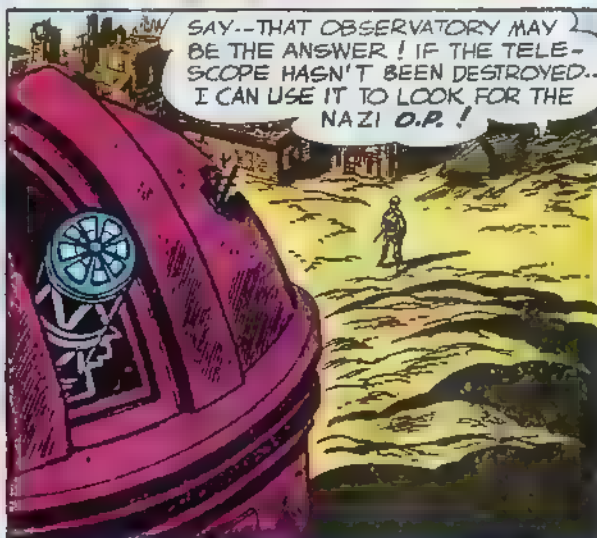
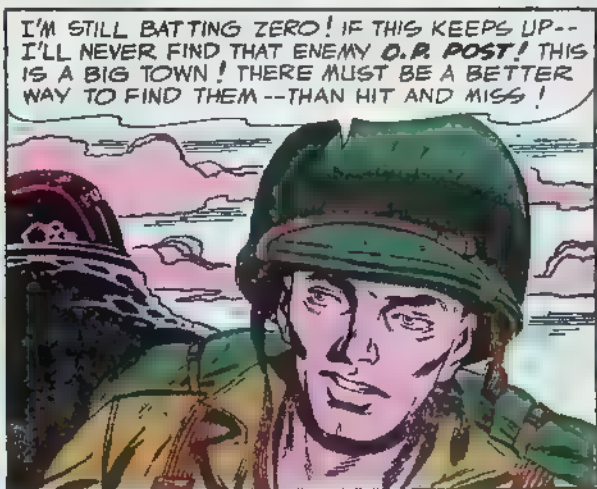


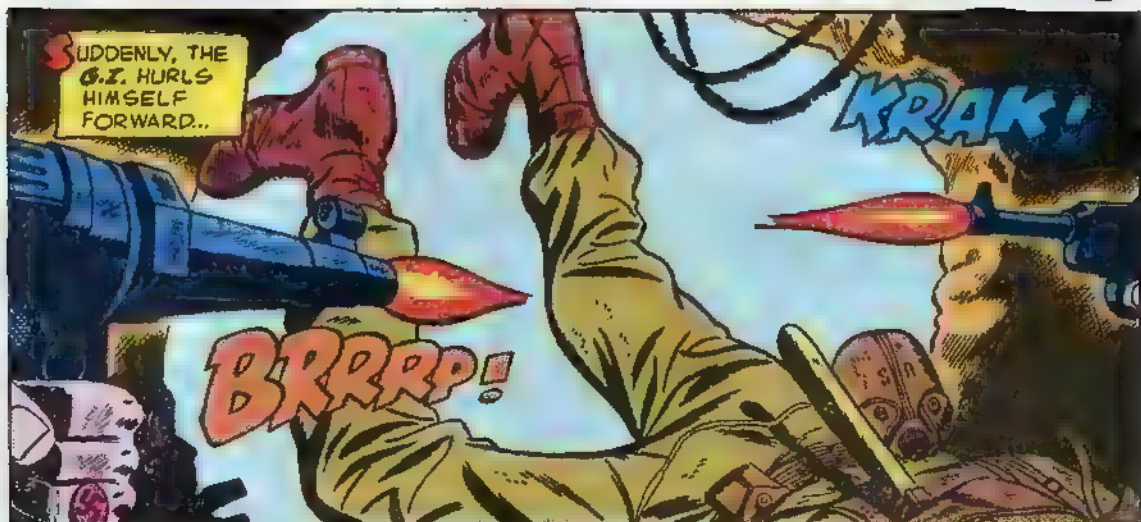
I'VE GOT TO ROCK THOSE VULTURES RIGHT OUT OF THEIR NEST! BUT, I CAN'T REACH THEM FROM HERE! HOPE THIS TOSS REACHES THE RIGHT SPOT!



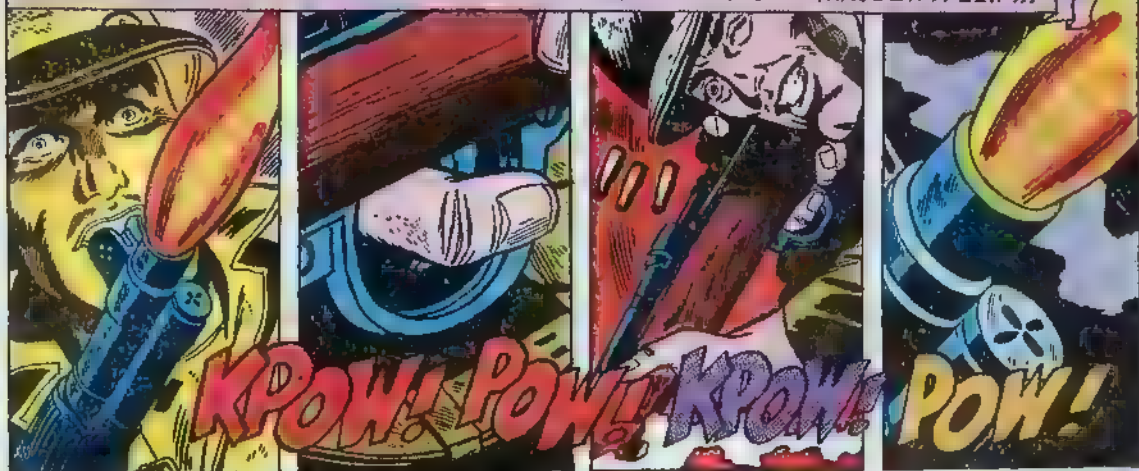


ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR

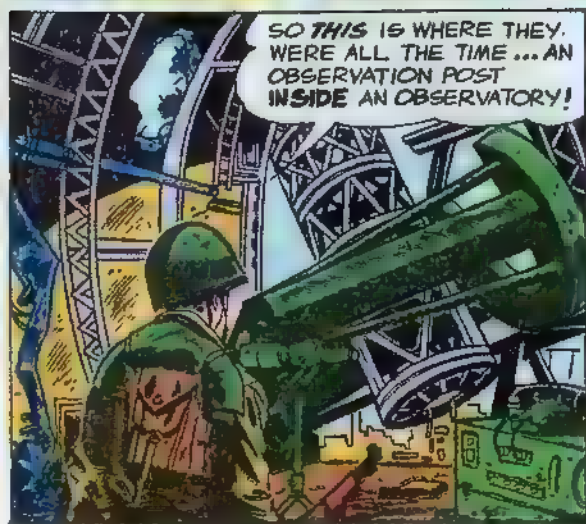




SWIVELING FROM SIDE TO SIDE FRANTICALLY-- FRED FIRES RIGHT THROUGH A CLIP...



SO THIS IS WHERE THEY WERE ALL THE TIME ... AN OBSERVATION POST INSIDE AN OBSERVATORY!



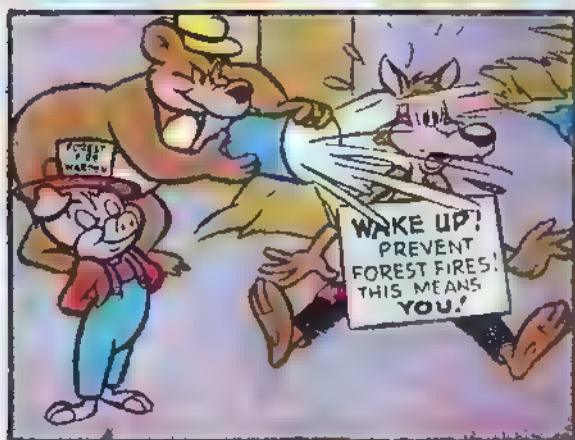
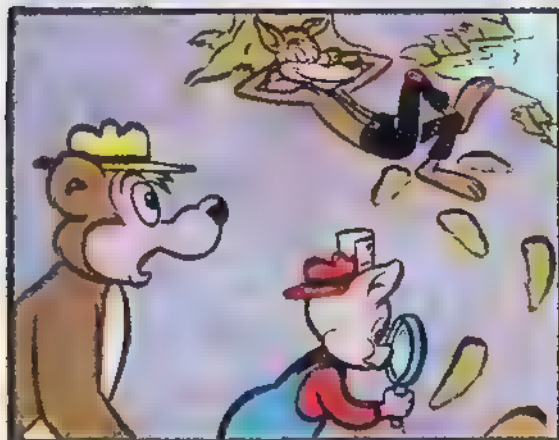
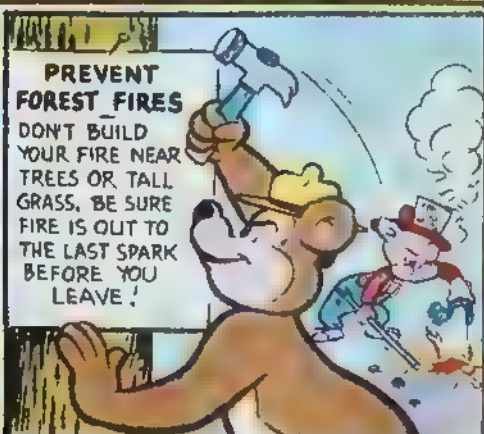
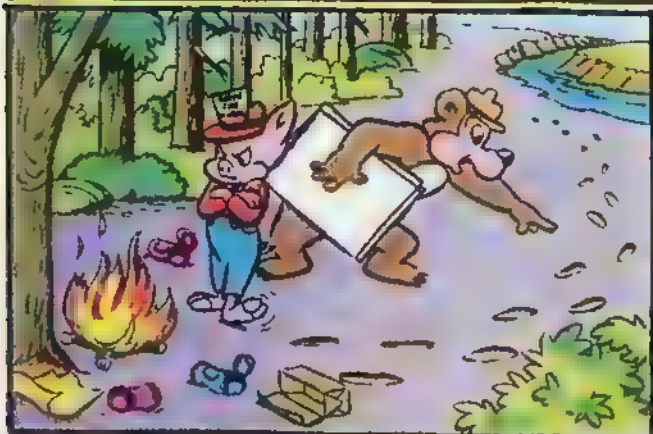
WELL, I FINALLY FOUND SOMETHING! EVEN IF IT HAD TO BE RIGHT UNDER MY NOSE!



PETER PORKCHOPS

solves

"The Case of the CARELESS CAMPER!"



The BATTLING BELLHOP!

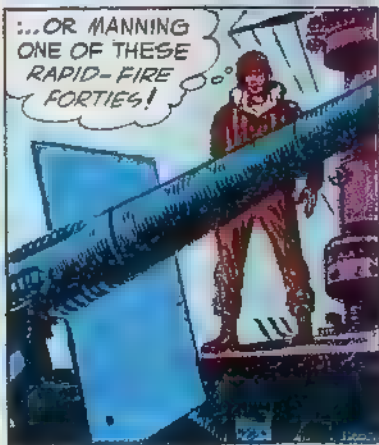


ABOARD A FAST CARRIER IN THE PACIFIC BATTLE ZONE ...

I'D GIVE **ANYTHING** TO BE JOCKEYING ONE OF THOSE **BABIES!**



...OR MANNING ONE OF THESE **RAPID-FIRE FORTIES!**



CORPORAL **DOUGLAS--** BUT NO SUCH LUCK! I'M REPORT TO STUCK WITH BRIDGE! ON THE JOB OF CAPTAIN'S THE DOUBLE! ORDERLY!



CPL. BOB DOUGLAS KNEW THE OLD NAVAL TRADITION THAT A MARINE ORDERLY STUCK BY HIS SKIPPER'S SIDE EVERY SECOND OF COMBAT-- BUT HE NEVER COUNTED ON HAVING HALF THE ENEMY FLEET **BETWEEN** THEM!

ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR



SHORTLY, ON THE CARRIER'S BRIDGE...

TAKE THIS TO THE M.O. ! THEN REPORT BACK IMMEDIATELY!

AYE, AYE, SIR!

MEDICAL OFFICER REPORT

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE BOOK DELIVERED, THE ORDERLY STARTS TOPSIDE ...

I'M JUST A GLORIFIED MESSENGER BOY! I'LL NEVER SEE ACTION! I'LL SP...

BATTLE STATIONS! ALL HANDS TO BATTLE STATIONS! ENEMY AIR AND SURFACE UNITS AHEAD!

THE NEXT INSTANT...

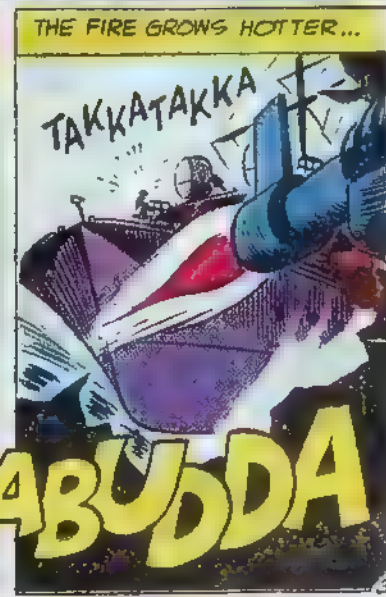
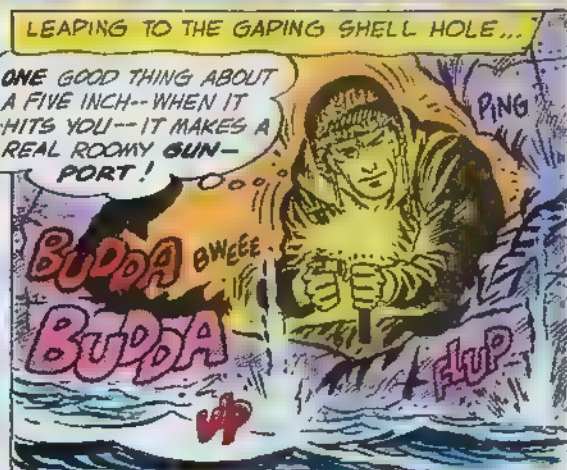
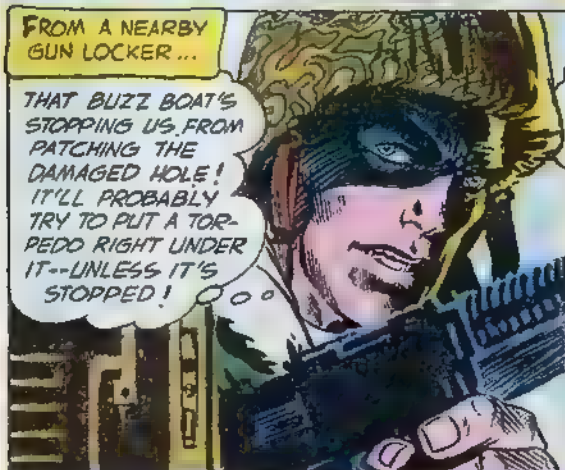
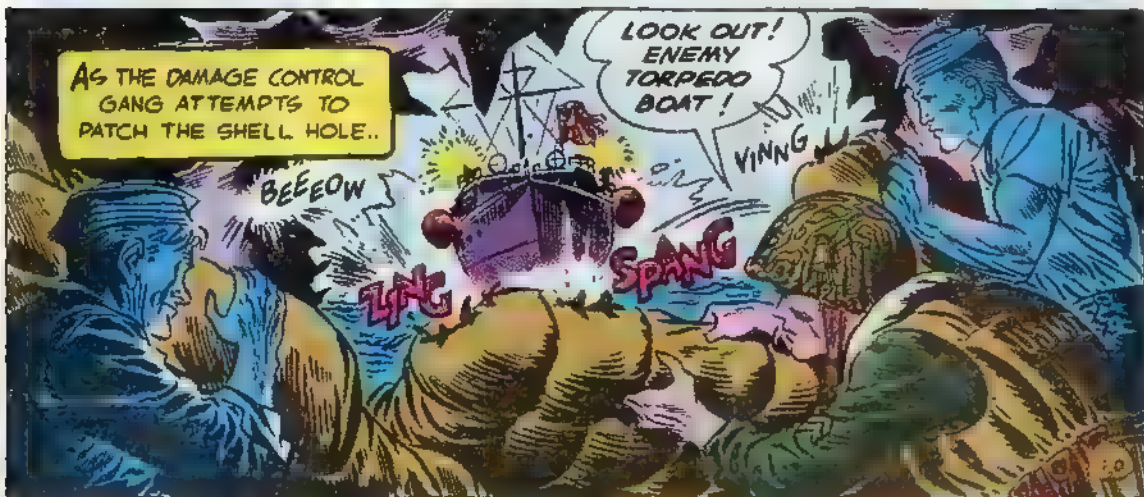
BLAANG

ENEMY SHELL KNOCKED A HOLE IN OUR SIDE--MUST BE A BIG ATTACK--I'VE GOT TO GET TO THE BRIDGE--THE SKIPPER WILL NEED ME--MY PLACE IS AT HIS SIDE !

BUT, AS THE MARINE STARTS UPWARD...

GIVE US A HAND PATCHING THIS HOLE -- BEFORE THE SEA POURS IN!

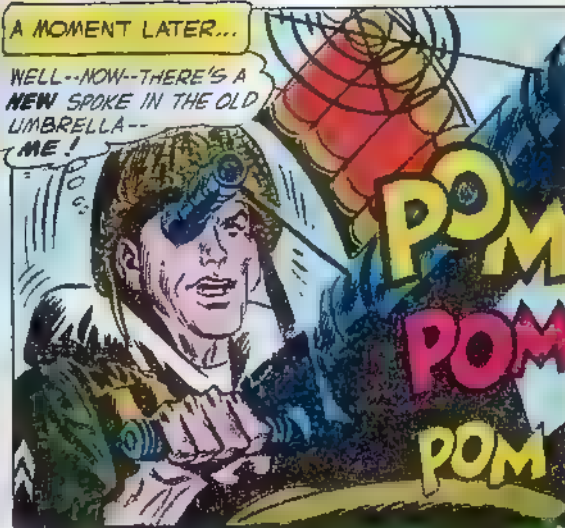
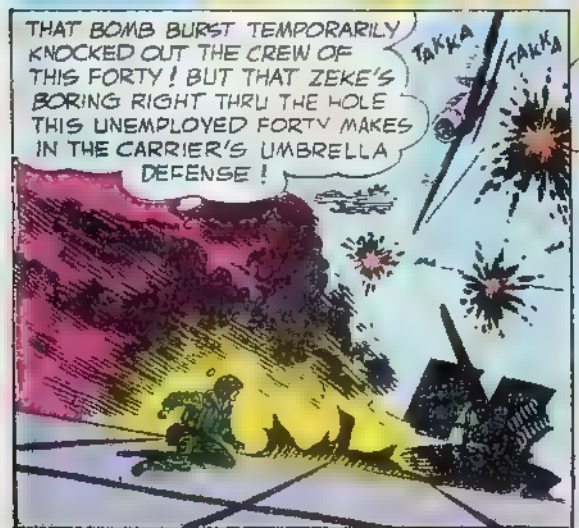
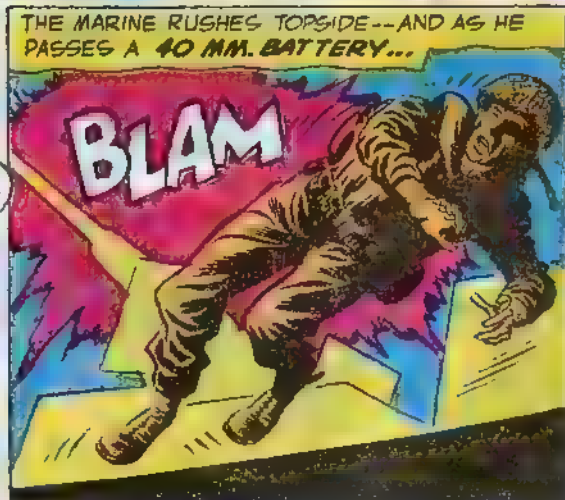
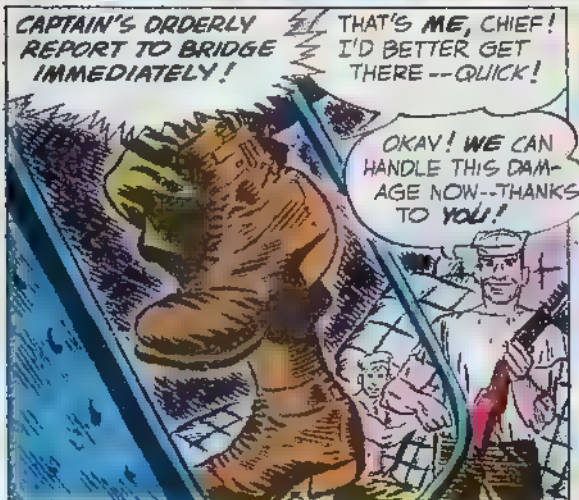
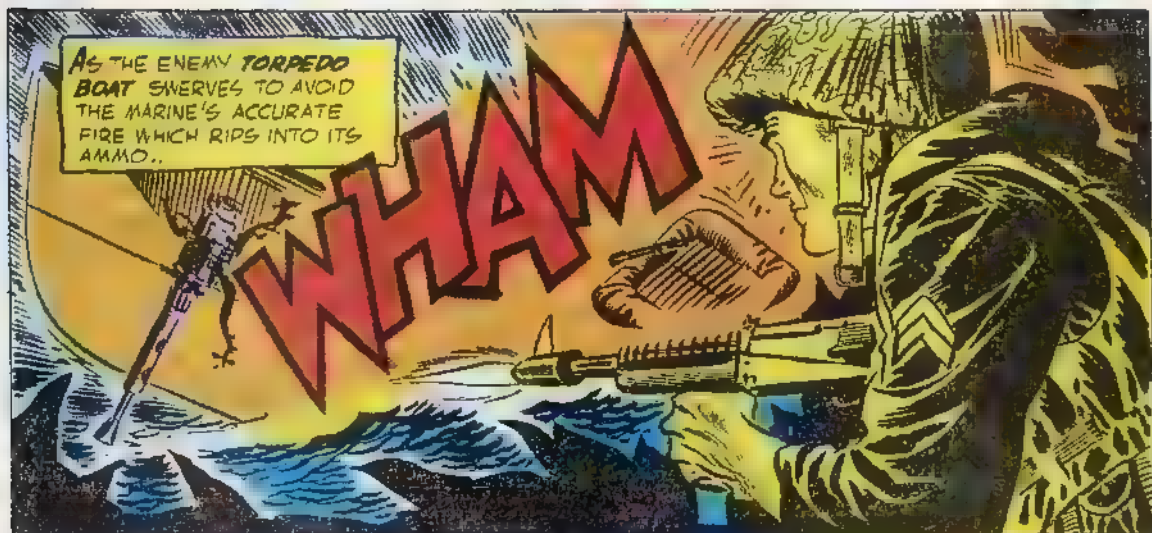
AYE, AYE, CHIEF!



BUDDABUDDABUDDA



ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR





ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR

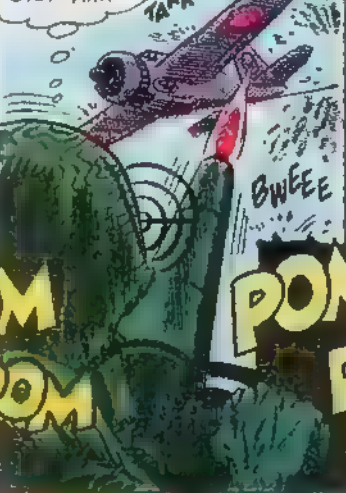


AS THE ORDERLY MANS THE
FORTY MILLIMETER...

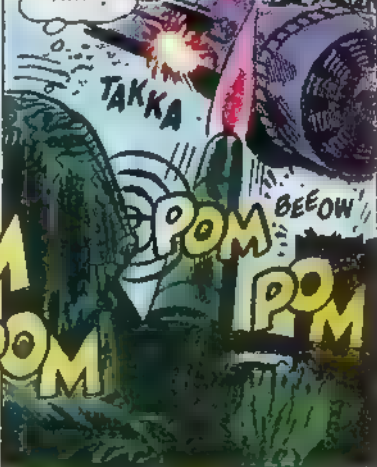
THE ZERO'S ZIG-
ZAGGING TO THROW
ME OFF...



I'LL NEVER
STOP HIM--



UNLESS I CAN
ZIG-ZAG WITH
HIM!



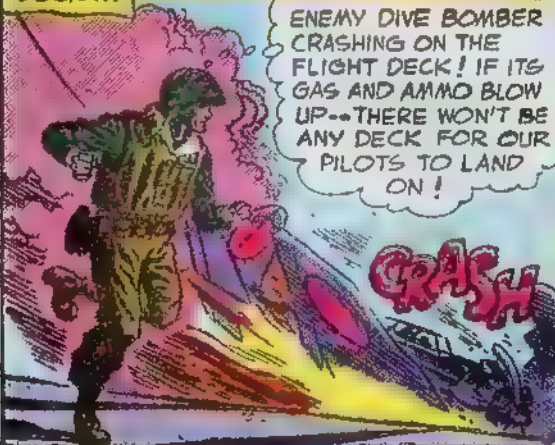
BLAM

WHEN THAT ZEKE
ZAGGED-- I JUST
PUT MY SIGHTS ON
WHERE THE NEXT
ZIG HAD TO BE--
AND--UH OH! I'M
BEING PAGED
AGAIN!

CORPORAL
DOUGLAS--
LAY UP TO
THE BRIDGE--
ON THE
DOUBLE!

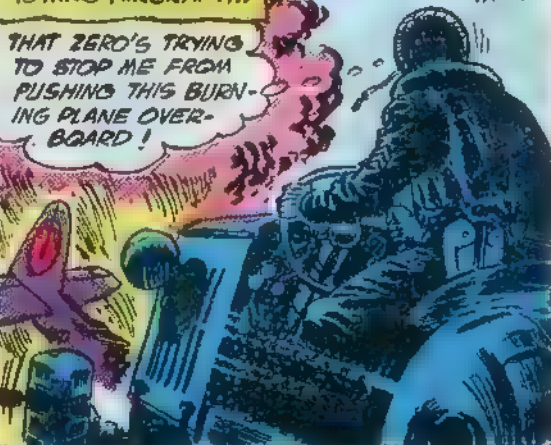


ONCE MORE THE MARINE RUSHES TOPSIDE--
BUT AS HE REACHES THE CARRIER'S FLIGHT
DECK...



ENEMY DIVE BOMBER
CRASHING ON THE
FLIGHT DECK! IF ITS
GAS AND AMMO BLOW
UP--THERE WON'T BE
ANY DECK FOR OUR
PILOTS TO LAND
ON!

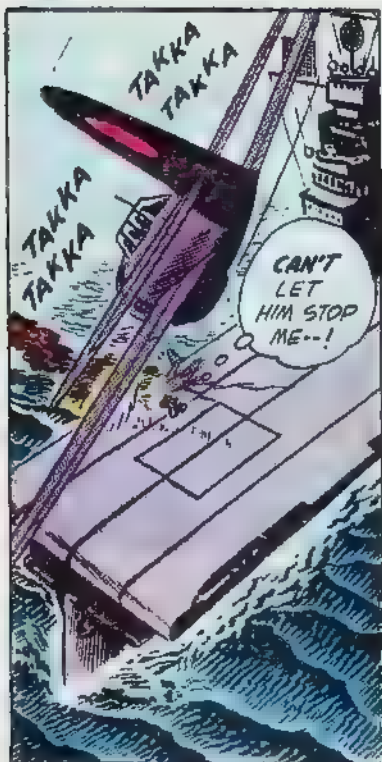
LEAPING INTO A SMALL
TRACTOR USED FOR
TOWING AIRCRAFT...



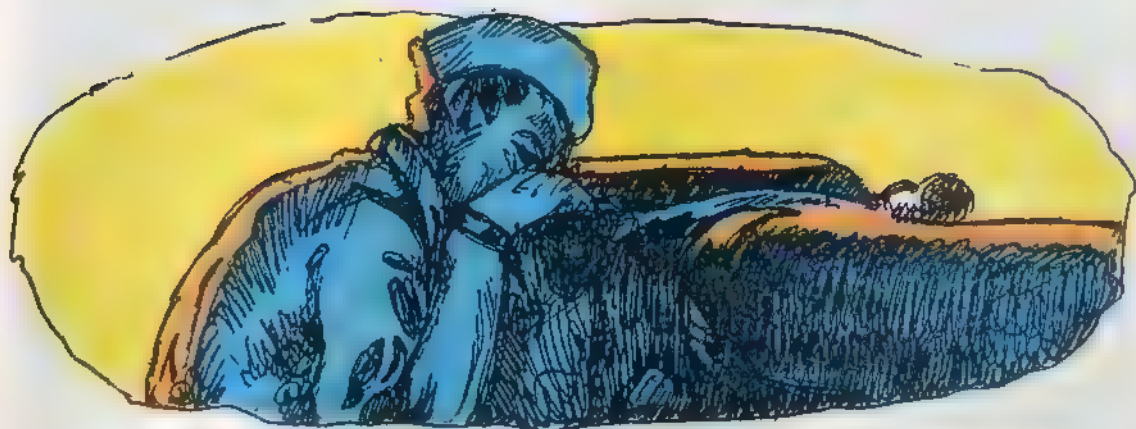
THAT ZERO'S TRYING
TO STOP ME FROM
PUSHING THIS BURN-
ING PLANE OVER-
BOARD!



ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR



AMMO SHIP



THE camouflaged enemy shore batteries were silent. The gunners remained frozen at their positions, on the alert, watching and waiting. An enemy officer, hidden in dense foliage, peered through binoculars as the American vessel, the *USS Manchester*, maneuvered in Wonsan Harbor.

The enemy was puzzled. Did the commander of the American warship know of the existence of the shore batteries? Although camouflaged, it was believed that their existence—even their position—was known to the Americans. But if so, why didn't the Americans stop maneuvering and start firing? What lay behind the ship's puzzling movements?

Aboard the vessel, tenseness reigned. Here, too, men stood frozen at their stations, waiting and wondering. All aboard knew that the "strange" maneuvering up and down the harbor was only a stalling action. The Commander was pretending to be searching for the shore batteries. Actually, he knew well enough where they were. But no order to commence firing had been given for the very good reason that the *USS Manchester* had run low on ammunition.

It was a race for time. The code signal had gone back to the Fleet Commander. Ammunition was on the way; but the delivery could not be made until nightfall masked the coming of the ammo ship.

So the warship continued to pretend to search, and the enemy shore batteries remained silent, while their officers tried to figure out the meaning of its actions.

The ruse worked. Darkness enveloped Wonsan Harbor. And under cover of the blackness, another American ship, *Mt. Katmai*, slipped into the harbor to deliver ammo to the warship.

Named, like all ammunition ships are, after volcanoes, the ammo vessel steamed alongside the *USS Manchester*. First, messenger lines bridged the gap between the ships, then heavier working lines.

Soon, nets full of "fireworks" began to pile up on the decks of the *Manchester*. The men worked feverishly to haul each load below to the magazines and powder rooms.

Hours later, the *USS Manchester* be-

gan blasting away at the enemy shore batteries. But the ammunition ship, already far off, heard only the rumble of the ship's guns. Its job was finished.

Before World War II, the Navy had only two ammunition ships, USS *Pyro* and USS *Nitro*. These were designated AEs 1 and 2, respectively, after the present hull numbering system was adopted in 1920. Both of these were 482-foot vessels of some 10,000 tons displacement. Launched just after World War I these two ships cruised up and down the U.S. coasts, replenishing ammunition dumps and vessels in port.

When World War II became imminent, however, the Navy faced the problem of supplying its far flung striking forces. The logical solution was to put hulls under service stations, supply dumps and ammunition dumps—and let them follow right along behind the fighting Fleet. To do that, the Navy acquired the Maritime Commission hulls which were to become USS *Lassen*, USS *Kilauea* (later renamed *Mount Baker*); USS *Rainier* and USS *Shasta*. These hulls were all of the C2-type, 459 feet long, with a beam of 63 feet and a loaded displacement of about 15,000 tons.

As the war expanded to far-flung ocean areas, even more floating ammo dumps were needed to meet fleet requirements, so more hulls were converted: *Mauna Loa*, *Mazama*, *Sangay*, *Wrangell*, *Akutan*, *Firedrake*, *Vesuvius*, *Mount Katmai*, *Great Sitkin*, *Paricutin*, *Diamond Head*, and *Fomalhaut*.

These ammo carriers built up quite a record. In the European theater, USS *Mount Baker* issued over 2000 long tons of ammunition to elements of the U.S. Eighth Fleet and allied vessels between July 13 and 31, 1944; between August 1 and 23 she issued an additional 524 long tons, and in the last week of August she issued 359 long tons.

In the Pacific, USS *Rainier* handled 35,547 tons of material from October 17, 1944 to September 7, 1945.

USS *Paricutin*, one of the Navy's newer ammunition auxiliaries, was commissioned too late for World War II, but saw action in Korea.

During the 18 months from October 1950 to March 1952, she delivered the following load to 390 ships in the operating area: 19,236 tons of ammo; 4176 pieces of Fleet freight; 920 passengers and 3889 bags of U.S. Mail. In addition, *Paricutin* off-loaded 2532.52 short tons of ammunition to ships in Japanese and Korean ports.

Today the Navy has an even dozen AEs in commission and two new ones are being built, *Suribachi* and *Mauna Kea*.

Four others—*Lassen*, *Sangay*, *Akutan*, and *Fomalhaut*—are in mothballs. USS *Pyro* and USS *Nitro* were disposed of in 1946 and 1948, respectively.

Ammo ships are sturdy vessels. And although their primary purpose is to deliver "fireworks" to the Fleet's battle-wagons, if forced to fight, they can give a good account of themselves.



ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR



WAR TRAIL!

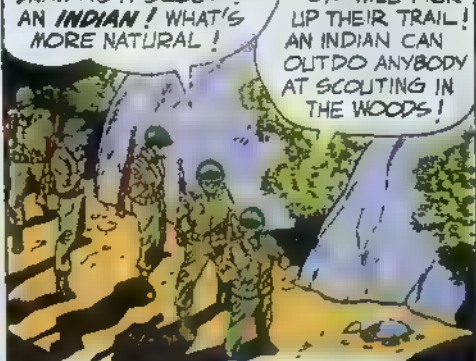
JOHNNY SILENT FOX WAS AN INDIAN, SO EVERYONE FIGURED HE'D BE AN EXPERT SCOUT--BUT WHAT THEY DIDN'T KNOW WAS THAT JOHNNY WAS AN INDIAN FROM THE BIG CITY--WHO WAS MORE AT HOME READING STREET SIGNS--THAN ANIMAL TRACKS!



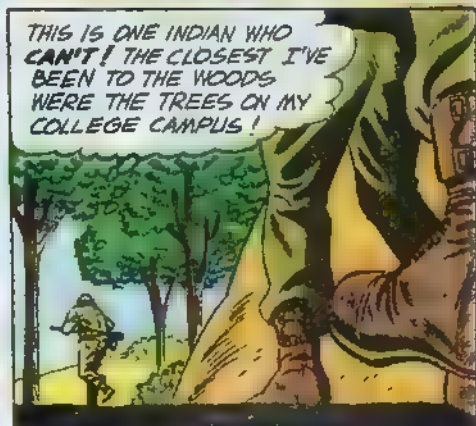
YOU'RE JUST ANOTHER G.I. IN FRANCE UNTIL...

WE'RE THE LUCKIEST OUTFIT IN THE INFANTRY! WHO DO WE DRAW AS A SCOUT?-- AN INDIAN! WHAT'S MORE NATURAL!

IF ANY NAZIS ARE AHEAD-- JOHNNY SILENT FOX WILL PICK UP THEIR TRAIL! AN INDIAN CAN OUTDO ANYBODY AT SCOUTING IN THE WOODS!

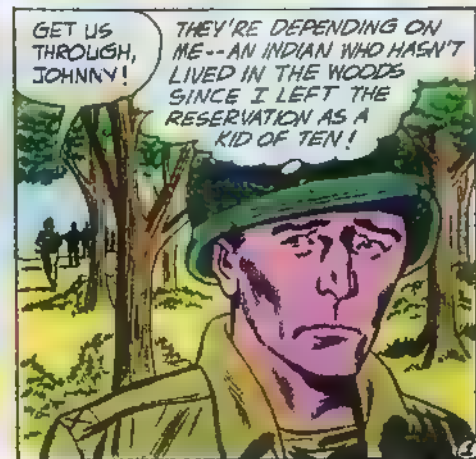


THIS IS ONE INDIAN WHO CAN'T! THE CLOSEST I'VE BEEN TO THE WOODS WERE THE TREES ON MY COLLEGE CAMPUS!



GET US THROUGH, JOHNNY!

THEY'RE DEPENDING ON ME--AN INDIAN WHO HASN'T LIVED IN THE WOODS SINCE I LEFT THE RESERVATION AS A KID OF TEN!





ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR



THE LIVES OF MANY MEN DEPEND ON YOU...AND YOU BEGIN TO THINK...

I'VE GOT TO PRETEND I'M
NOT WEARING ARMY SHOES--
I'M WEARING MOCCASSINS!

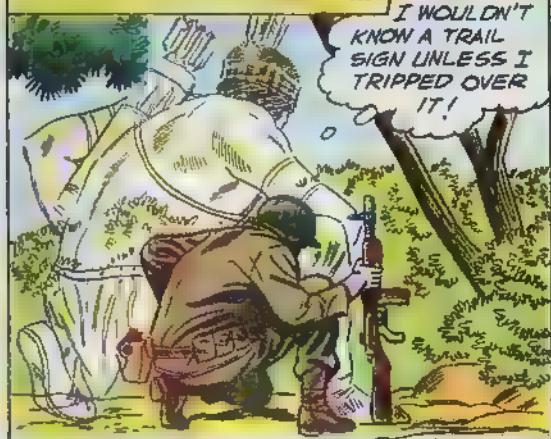
NOT A G.I. UNIFORM--
BUT BUCKSKINS!

NOT A HELMET--
BUT A FEATHER!



YOU INSPECT THE GROUND FOR ANY TELL-
TALE SIGNS OF THE ENEMY...

I WOULDN'T
KNOW A TRAIL
SIGN UNLESS I
TRIPPED OVER
IT!



THEN...

A LINE OF ANTS! A WHOLE
COLONY IS ON THE MOVE!

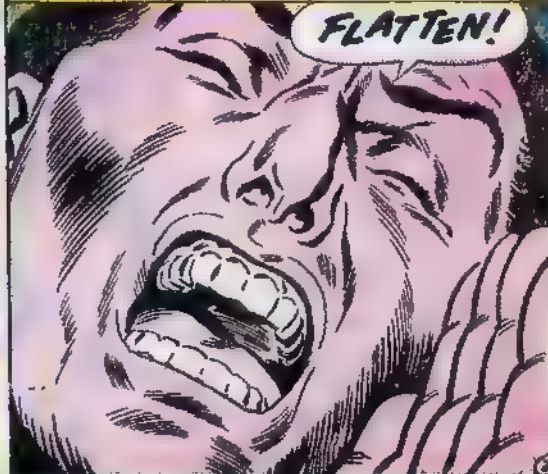


THEY'RE COMING FROM THAT BRUSH! EVEN
A BIG CITY INDIAN LIKE ME CAN FIGURE
THIS ONE! THE ENEMY'S HAD CHOW THERE--
AND IS PROBABLY STILL THERE!



YOU YELL A WARNING BACK TO THE PATROL!!

FLATTEN!





ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR

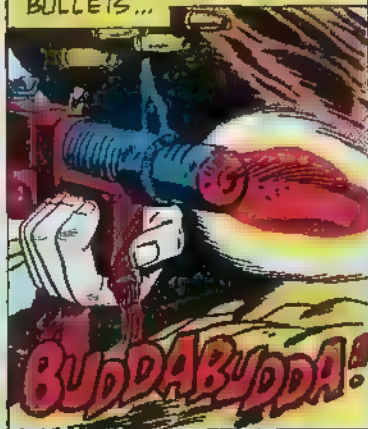


ENEMY
SLUGS CHOP
AROUND
YOU LIKE
A THOUSAND
TOMAHAWKS!

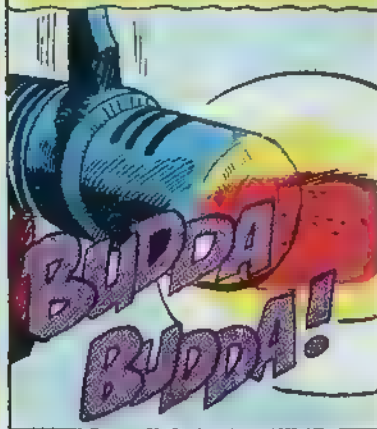
YOU'RE IN FRONT--SO IT'S UP
TO YOU TO SWAP LEAD WITH
THEM!



YOUR ANCESTORS USED TO
TRADE FUR PELTS FOR
BULLETS...



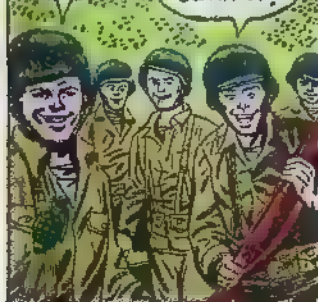
YOU'RE TRADING EVEN --
BULLETS FOR BULLETS!



WHEN IT'S ALL OVER, THE
GUYS IN YOUR OUTFIT
MAKE YOU FEEL AS IF
YOU'VE JUST BEEN GIVEN
AN EAGLE FEATHER!

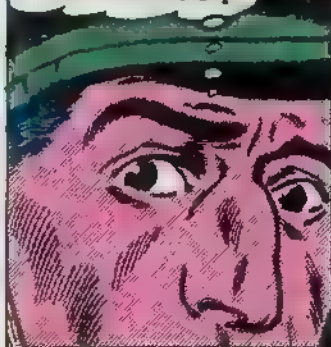
YOU PUT
THE INDIAN
SIGN ON
THEM,
JOHNNY-
BOY!

WE'D HAVE
WALKED RIGHT
INTO THAT
CHATTER-GUN
IF IT WASN'T
FOR YOU,
JOHNNY!



YOU'VE BEEN ABLE TO
BLUFF IT SO FAR, BUT
HOW LONG CAN YOU
KEEP IT UP?

I WAS
LUCKY, THAT'S ALL! ALL I
KNOW IS, THE LIVES OF A
LOT OF GUYS DEPEND ON
ME--AN INDIAN WHO'S
NEVER REALLY BEEN
IN THE WOODS!



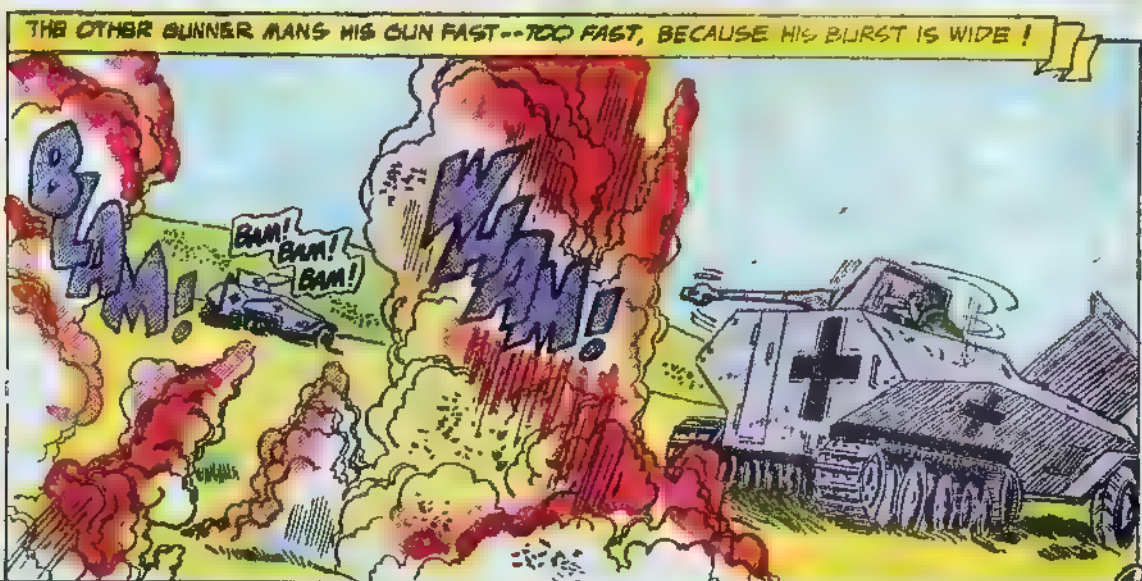
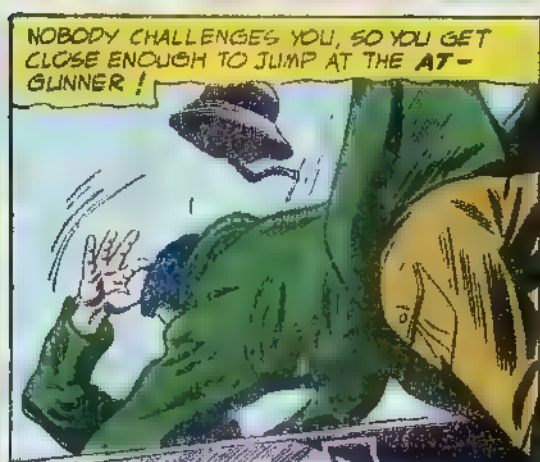
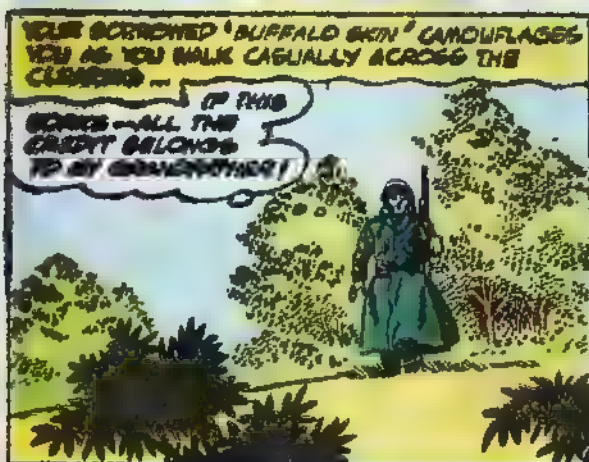
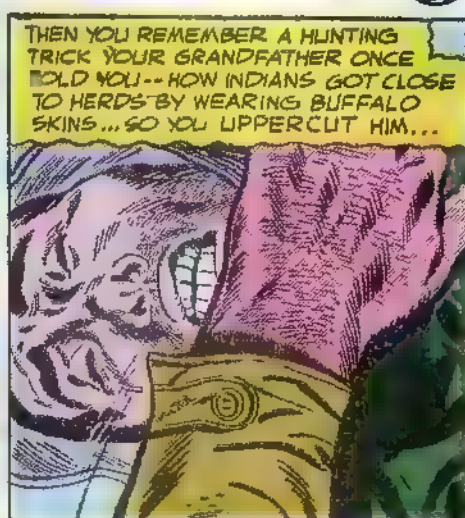
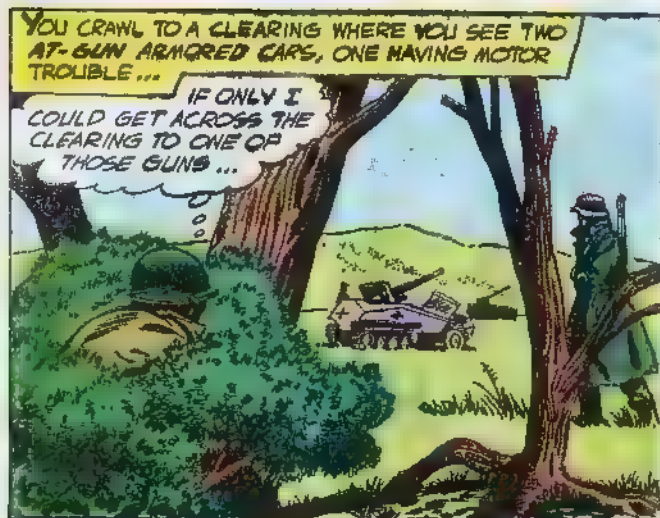
YOU LOOK DOWN AT THE GRASS FOR
TRAIL SIGNS SO LONG, YOUR EYES
BLUR-- SO YOU RAISE THEM, AND
THAT'S WHEN YOU SPOT SOMETHING
UNUSUAL...

AN OWL DOESN'T
FLY IN THE DAYTIME--
BUT THAT ONE IS! SOME-
THING'S DISTURBED ITS
SLEEP!

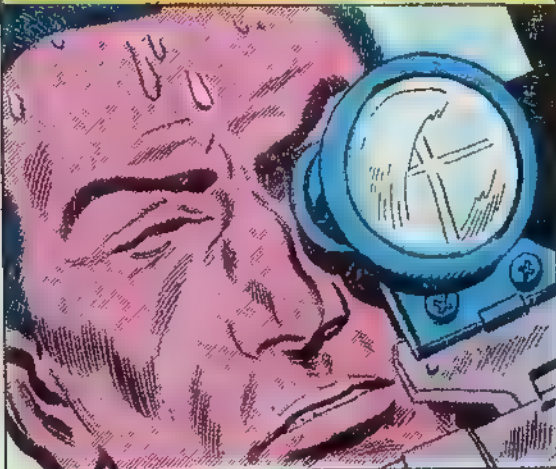




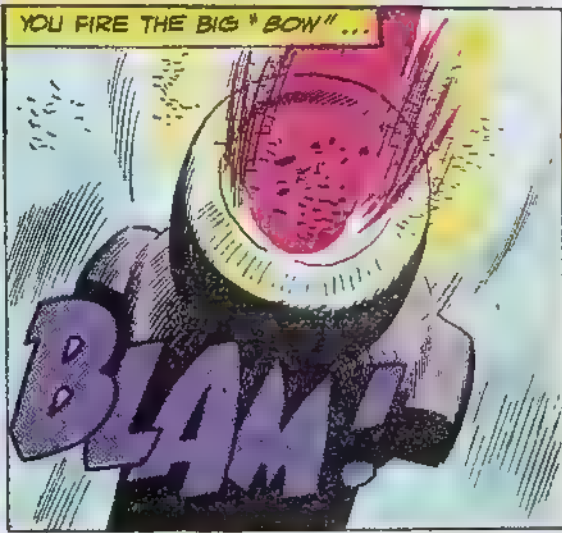
ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR



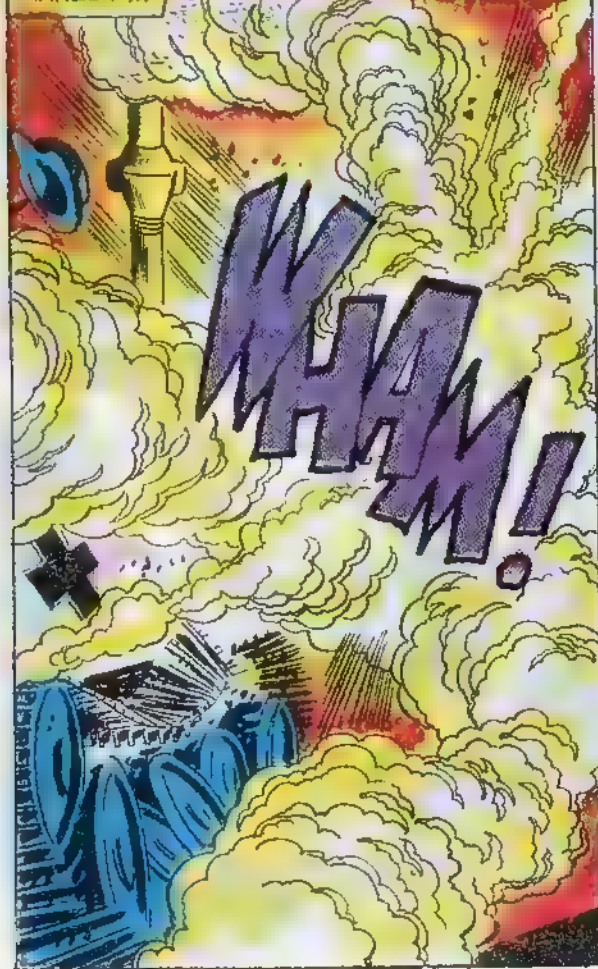
NO INDIAN EVER AIMED HIS ARROW AS CARE-
FULLY AS YOU LINE UP YOUR TARGET ...



YOU FIRE THE BIG "BOW" ...



AND THE EXPLOSIVE "ARROW" REACHES ITS
TARGET ...



LATER, AS YOUR PATROL PASSES THE
WRECKAGE ...

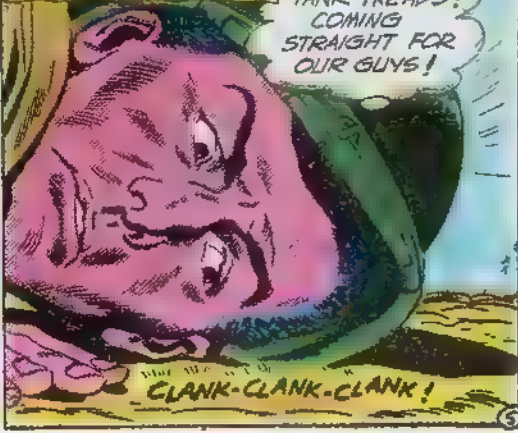
THAT'S WHAT I CALL
HAPPY HUNTING,
JOHNNY!

JUST LUCK--THAT'S
ALL! GOOD THINGS
I REMEMBERED
GRANDFATHER'S
HUNTING TRICK!



SHORTLY... THE GROUND GIVES YOU A
MESSAGE... BUT INSTEAD OF HOOF-
BEATS, YOU HEAR...

TANK TREADS!
COMING
STRAIGHT FOR
OUR GUYS!





ALL-AMERICAN MEN OF WAR



YOU BY-PASS THE TANK--GET BEHIND IT--
QUICKLY BUILD A SMALL FIRE ...

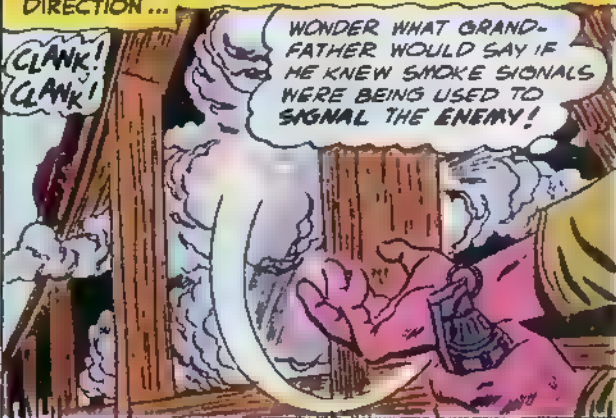
I DON'T HAVE AN
INDIAN BLANKET
TO MAKE SMOKE
SIGNALS--BUT
MY G.I. BLANKET
WILL DO!



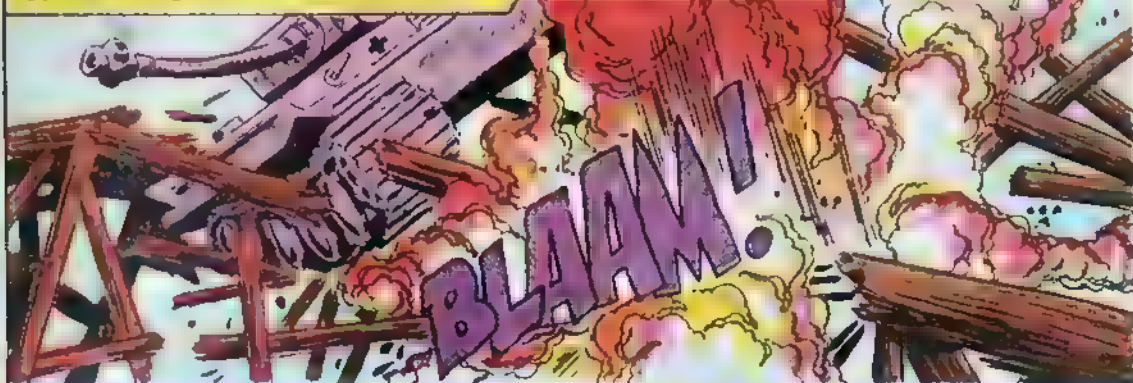
JUST AS YOU FIGURED--THE SPORADIC PUFFS OF
SMOKE ATTRACTS THE ENEMY TANK ... IT REVERSES
DIRECTION ...

CLANK!
CLANK!

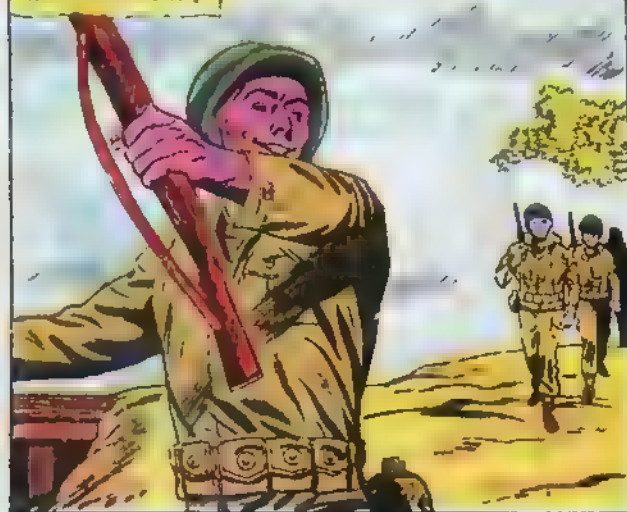
WONDER WHAT GRAND-
FATHER WOULD SAY IF
HE KNEW SMOKE SIGNALS
WERE BEING USED TO
SIGNAL THE ENEMY!



THE GRENADES YOU TOSS UNDER THE BRIDGE--WEAKEN IT UNTIL IT IS UNABLE TO
SUPPORT THE WEIGHT OF THE TANK ...



AS YOU HAVE YOUR PATROL ON, YOU KNOW YOU'VE
RUN THE GALT--LET AS YOUR ANCESTORS ONCE
DID--YOU'VE PASSED THE TEST--AND YOU'RE A
WARRIOR NOW!



LATER, ON LEAVE, THE OUTFIT TURNS
A CITY UPSIDE DOWN TO FIND A
PRESENT FOR YOU ...



Boys! Girls! Mothers! Dads!
TAKE 'EM FREE!

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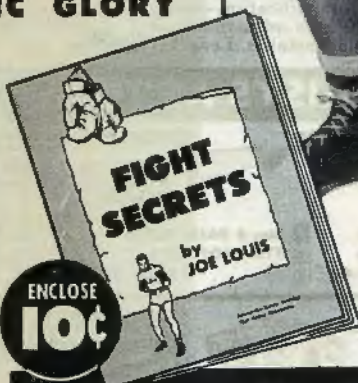
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Detail of Sling attached to lower swivel



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